

FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

NOTED PROFESSIONAL HUNTER OF NEBRASKA.

Almost Chewed Up by the Brute While His Horse Would Not Permit Him to Take Steady Aim—Lost His Weapon in Thick of Battle.

(Special Letter.)

Probably the only remaining wild beast hunter in the state of Nebraska today, a survival of the pioneer days, is Peter A. Watson of Chadron, who has just distinguished himself in killing a great gray wolf in a hand-to-hand struggle, with a small revolver as his only weapon. Watson is a professional wolf hunter, and his prowess is recognized by the Nebraska Live Stock association, which employs him annually on a salary to slay wolves on the range, and thus protect the young stock.

Watson does all his hunting on horseback, with a pack of fine stag-hounds. These dogs he breeds for his own use and always uses six of them in hunting. He rides a blooded horse that can keep well to the front in a chase, even after the fleetest animal that roams the plains, the gray wolf. It is nothing for him to ride 100 miles without dismounting, and he covers



DOGS DISPATCHING A WOLF.

nearly twice that distance in a day when it is necessary.

He is always ready to take to the saddle. He rides into the section where wolves are reported to be killing young stock, and moves along until a wolf is sighted. He carries a powerful field glass, and is constantly sweeping the surrounding plains with it. In this way he frequently sees the wolves before they see him. If the game is off and away, Watson simply notes carefully the general direction taken; then he swings his pack around behind a hill, drops out of sight, only to reappear ahead of the game, on which he rides with a rush.

Then the dogs take up the chase. The wolf seldom holds out for more than a mile. Sometimes a particularly strong animal manages to run two miles before the hounds overtake him. The pack works together. If the dogs did not they would not last long, as the average gray wolf can kill in relays any pack of hounds that ever attacked him. But when Watson's trained pack jumps on a wolf, that is the last of him. They fight together, and seldom get more than a scratch. The dogs follow the wolf closely and attack him all together, and such a fight lasts ordinarily but a few minutes. On these wolf hunts the wolf slayer is armed with nothing but a large revolver. He has several times been forced to use this weapon in self-defense, for, while wolves, not pressed, will never attack a man, occasionally a hard-pressed wolf will turn on his pursuers and make a most desperate fight.

This was the case a few days ago in Box Butte county, where Watson was engaged in exterminating a number of big wolves which had killed some young stock. The pack had started a wolf and was far in advance of their master, when suddenly a huge wolf, which had evidently been asleep in the rank underbrush until disturbed by the wolf hunter's horse, sprang upon Watson. The animal buried its claws in the side of the horse and his fangs in the rider's leg. It was a very large wolf, and the suddenness of the attack gave the beast a distinct advantage.

The attack was made from the right side, and the only weapon the wolf hunter carried was beneath the body of the ferocious brute. Watson struck the animal repeatedly across the snout with his quirt. Then he thrust his hand down under the growling beast to secure his pistol. Instantly his arm was seized by the animal and the flesh torn from the wrist. Watson reached over and grabbed his gun with his left hand. The wolf still had the hunter's right arm between his teeth and was chewing it very industriously. Watson retained his presence of mind and fired into the beast.

At the time Watson's horse was rearing and plunging over the prairie and screaming in agony. This made the rider's aim uncertain. Four times he fired at the wolf, and had but one shell left in his gun. Blood was streaming from the hunter's arm, and leg, the horse was covered with blood, and the wolf was bleeding profusely. With an effort the wolf slayer thrust his revolver into the mouth of the furious beast, and at the risk of blowing off his own hand, fired the remaining shell into the struggling target. The wolf's head was blown off and the body dropped to the prairie.

Weak from loss of blood, Watson climbed down, tied up his wounds, and throwing the animal across the horse, started for home, fifteen miles away.

Childrens France. One-fifth of the married couples in France have no children.

SHOOTS WILD HORSES.



Shooting wild horses for a living seems odd employment, especially for a woman, but there is a woman in Nevada who earns her livelihood in just that way. She is a Californian, too, and a young woman, only 23 years old. Moreover, she is respected for her many good qualities by those who know her; is an affectionate mother, a hospitable soul. Her name is Mrs. Maud Whiteman. Her father, whose name is Wilman, is an old soldier, having served his country in both the Mexican and Civil wars. He is a tall, fine looking man of splendid physique. He is, however, no longer young, and the 65 years that have passed over him have limited his opportunities for work, so he decided to kill wild horses for their hides. He selected a region known as Maud's Wells, from the springs that supply them with water. It is situated twenty-three miles from Humboldt in the wilds of a desolate desert. From the first Maud was an active partner in this business. She is a bold rider and a fine shot, and can bring down a horse at a distance that would win a sportsman's admiration. When engaged in this pursuit she dresses like a man, donning overalls in addition to a flannel shirt and man's soft hat. Her pluck and endurance are remarkable. She can ride or drive the day through without seeming fatigue. For her a drive of fifty miles a day is nothing, nor the guiding of horses over steep and dangerous roads. She knows all about these things and can handle four horses as well as any man in Nevada. In appearance Maud is some-

what masculine, though not above the average size of her sex. Her figure is well rounded, without stoutness. A rather square face, browned by constant exposure; dark hair, drawn plainly back to keep it out of the way, and dark, resolute eyes that look steadily at you. She makes on an average \$5 a day clear of all expenses. This is independent of her father's earnings. Hides are worth about \$2 apiece. Theirs go to California. The method of killing is ingenious. Mounted on horses, the father and daughter set out for the task. They keep discreetly in the background, however, while dogs drive a small herd of their own horses to the spring. These serve as a decoy. Gradually wild horses come up, mingling with the rest. When suspicion has been quieted the man steals near, wounding, with a view to disabling, the leader of the herd. All others of the wild band immediately rush away, but soon they return in quest of their leader. Now is the opportunity. The mounted riders rush from hiding, shoot as many as possible and follow fleeing victims until all or nearly all are killed.

Maud is also a famous killer of coyotes, whose scalps bring half a dollar apiece from the state of Idaho.

When Maud goes into Humboldt, as she does about once a month, nobody who had seen her in overalls would recognize her. Gowned in black silk, with a white Leghorn hat adorned with feathers, on her head, her usual stride supplanted by more feminine carriage, nobody would take her for a killer of mustangs and coyotes.

ONE ON JUDGE CHAMBERS.

The Compositor Smelt Cannibal in the Ink of His Manuscript.

An amusing incident was connected with the return to San Francisco, en route to Washington, of Judge W. L. Chambers, who for several years has been chief justice of Samoa. In an interview, published at Honolulu on his way up, the chief justice was misrepresented so seriously in his alleged statements regarding Samoan matters that he took the wise precaution in San Francisco of writing out his views on the more ticklish matters concerning which he was interviewed. Like most great men, Judge Chamber's penmanship would never be taken as a model in a district school. A compositor on a morning paper to whom it was given to set up in despatch. "Look here," he said, "this is positively the worst writing I ever was up against."

"But that was written by the chief justice of Samoa, man. Look how much character there is in the writing."

"Chief justice of Samoa!" snorted the compositor. "That accounts for it. There is character in his hand. I might have known he was a South Sea islander. I could smell cannibal in the ink!"

LATEST REAR ADMIRAL.

Rear admirals are becoming rather plentiful nowadays, since the rank of commodore was abolished and promotion is made direct from captain to



REAR ADMIRAL MCCORMICK. Rear admiral. There are sixteen now, and more than a score of retired rear admirals are living, while the head of every bureau of the navy department has the honorary rank of rear admiral. The latest rear admiral is Andrew H. McCormick, whose promotion came last week. He entered the naval service in 1859 from Texas, and was commissioned a captain in 1892. Admiral McCormick will have charge of the navy yard at Washington, where a great deal of important work is in progress. During the last summer he has been a member of the board appointed to revise the naval regulations. He will direct the naval celebration of Dewey's arrival in Washington, and

the navy yard will furnish three companies of sailors. The gunboats Machias and Marietta, both veterans of the Spanish war, are at the yard, and will assist in the welcome to the hero of Manila.

A BASHFUL KING.

Trials of an Artist in Trying to Paint a Royal Picture.

M. de la Neziere, who is just back from the west coast of Africa, has been spending some months in laborious attempts to paint the portrait of Samory, the vanquished king, under considerable difficulties. The deposed potentate has the greatest objection to artists in general, and in particular deemed it a piece of gross impertinence on the part of M. de la Neziere to want to catch his likeness. His dusky majesty had to be coaxed with innumerable gifts of cigarettes, matches and coppers into giving the painter a sitting. Among all the presents showered upon him small change, which he used promptly to put in his mouth as a precaution against pickpockets, was what he liked best. At last Samory was mollified, began to call M. de la Neziere by the only French word he knew, "camarade," and graciously consented to sit. The unfortunate artist's difficulties were not yet, however, at an end. When Samory saw his royal features being drawn upon canvas he was suddenly taken with a bashful fit that lasted, on and off for several weeks. He used every now and then to hide his countenance beneath his turban and resolutely refuse to unveil. Whenever it happened that Samory's feelings of modesty were thus unaccountably hurt, the sitting had invariably to be given up for the day. At other times the fallen, but still capricious monarch, used seriously to disturb the painter's work by sprinkling him and his canvas with water. At last, however, M. de la Neziere succeeded in getting a few sketches of Samory, which he has brought back with him, and from which he intends painting a finished portrait of the deposed king.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

The Good Doctor Protests.

"I can make some allowance for the pressure of war news on your columns," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, who happened at the newspaper office on Monday morning, "but I am carrying on a campaign against the powers of darkness, and it looks like favoritism when you publish two pages of dispatches from the Philippines and censor the report of my sermon down to two inches."

First to Light Streets by Electricity.

The honor of being the first city in the United States to light its streets by electricity is claimed by Saginaw, Mich. Its electric street lights date back to 1880, when the system was built by Cincinnati capitalists. It is also claimed that the street cars of Saginaw were the first to be provided with heaters, the improvements being made in 1876.

ALASKA IS FERTILE.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

All Sorts of Early Vegetables Excel in Flavor Those of the United States—Grains and Forage Crops Are All Good.

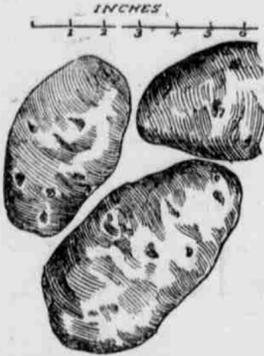
(Special Letter.)

The federal department of agriculture has shown that fruits, vegetables, and grain are being grown with profit in Alaska, and that our great Arctic domain offers enormous possibilities, hitherto unsuspected, for agriculture on a large scale.

Along the Alaskan coast the soil is capable of producing grain, vegetables, small fruits and forage plants of as good quality and in as great abundance as many of our northern states, and of supporting countless herds of cattle. In southeastern Alaska is a region as large as all New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania combined, that is adapted in all respects to cattle raising.

The government is establishing three agricultural experiment stations at different points in the territory, to test thoroughly and scientifically the capacity of its soil for producing a food supply for its present and future population, and enable the territory ultimately to become self-supporting with respect to the food it may need.

The stations are at Sitka, on the



POTATOES GROWN AT KADIAC, southeastern coast; at Kadiak, on Kadiak island, off the southern coast, and at Kenai, on the Kenai peninsula, beside Cook Inlet, about 110 miles to the north and east. The conditions at Sitka represent all the heavily timbered region of southeastern Alaska, with its deep moss and peaty soil. At Kadiak the climate is somewhat cooler, and the soil less peaty, while in the Kenai peninsula there is a large area of agricultural land inside the coast range, which presents favorable conditions for farming, although it lies north of the sixtieth parallel of north latitude.

Last year the department sent to Alaska a special agent, Prof. C. C. Georson, a native of Denmark. He made his headquarters at Sitka and Skaguay, and experimented with seeds of over 100 varieties of grain, vegetables, grasses and forage plants. He also distributed seeds to individuals in other localities in Alaska and made arrangements for co-operative experiments and reports as to the results obtained. All of the seeds were planted between May 13 and May 25. The season was backward, and it was impracticable to plant them earlier.

Of vegetable seeds planted there were asparagus, wax beans, cress, kale, lettuce, mustard, onions, parsley, parsnips, peas, radishes, rutabagas, rhubarb, salsify, spinach, sage, thyme, turnips and Windsor beans. All these, including in some cases several varieties of each, except the wax beans and spinach, made excellent growth and produced vegetables and plants that compared favorably with the products of gardens almost anywhere in southern latitudes. The peas were especially prolific, and the turnips, radishes, parsnips, parsley and salsify produced roots as good as can be found anywhere. Some of the turnips weighed five pounds each, and some even 10 pounds, and were of excellent flavor. Potatoes also were a decided success. Many of them weighed each a pound or more.

A more important test, however, was made with grains and forage plants. Oats and barley were grown at Sitka and Skaguay with gratifying results. Several varieties of Norwegian and Russian barley were grown with the same excellent result as with the oats. Of forage plants there were seeded several varieties of Norwegian clover, timothy, hairy vetch and Riga flax, and all were successful, the clover being especially vigorous, measuring over two feet high.

Alaska is pre-eminently a land of small fruits and berries. The flavor of most of the native varieties is pronounced to be so excellent that it is said they are worthy of introduction into the States.

Ancestors of the Boers.

Seventy family names predominate among the Boers. They are almost all kindred. The Boers now in Africa are descended from ninety people, mainly Dutch, with a few Germans and Danes, who were granted discharges from the Dutch East India service in 1670 and then took to farm life. They have had large families, twelve or fourteen children not being uncommon, and from these ninety persons and 200 French Huguenots who arrived some years later the Boers of to-day are descended.

Railroad Stationery.

A railroad official in a recent lecture stated that it costs his road each year about \$1,000 for pins, \$5,000 for rubber bands, \$5,000 for ink, \$7,000 for lead pencils; also that it cost nearly as much for stationery to carry on the business as for iron.—Pittsburg Post.

RICH OLD BILL JONES.

Time Was When Poverty Compelled Him to Pull the Plow.

There died a while ago in Donoho, a village in Marion county, South Carolina, Bill Jones, the richest man in the community. He was seven feet tall, weighed 400 pounds, had one arm, 15 sons and a dozen girls. He was the strong man of the county, but it kept him hustling to work a living out of the little farm for his colony of hungry mouths. One spring, just at a critical time in the family finances, the old horse, the only one Bill had, up and died. Bill called his boys together, and a caucus was held to decide upon replacing the horse. Times were hard with Bill always, but just then he was in an exceedingly tight fix, with no credit, excepting for a limited supply of provisions. To buy another horse was impossible, for no one would trust Bill, knowing the size of his family, and the small patch of ground seemed to stand no chance of being cultivated that year. It is true that Bill's neighbors expressed sympathy when his horse died, and sighed when they told him they saw no chance for him to pull through. Bill was a hard worker, and he kept at his work every day in the year, excepting Sunday, so his bad luck was not chargeable to laziness on his part. He told his boys he was in desperate straits, and wanted their advice. The boys were not industriously inclined, and in the loss of the horse they hoped to avoid work, so their advice was not encouraging. Then old man Bill raised himself to his full height, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and made this proposition: "Well, boys, we have a good many mouths dependin' on us and we musen' disappint 'em, so we'll play horse; that is, I'll pull the plow an' let you boys hold the han'tles an' feller me." The novel idea struck the boys favorably, and they laughed to themselves as they thought how the old man would soon tire out and give up trying to be a plow horse. But before summer was half gone the old man proved to be a match for any horse or any six horses in that county. The boys took hold of the plow handles by turns, and the old man pulled the plow along so fast that the boys had to "spell" one another often. The neighbors were amused at first, and then, when they saw that old man Bill was in earnest they ridiculed him and vowed he would fail to raise a crop that year. But when all the crops around Donoho were "laid by," Bill Jones' crop was the finest, and when the harvesting was done his yield was the largest. So old man Bill made sufficient money to get out of debt, clothe his family during the winter, lay in a supply of provisions and buy a horse. His success in future years was the envy of his neighbors.

MARVELOUS CURVES.

The Alamogordo and Sacramento Mountain railroad, which was built in New Mexico last year, is a line of marvelous curves. It is a branch of the El Paso and Northeastern, and extends from the town of Alamogordo, which is 2,700 feet above sea level and situated where the vast plain of the Tularosa valley meets the foot of the Sacramento mountain, to the summit of the mountains at an elevation of 8,000 feet, a distance of 19.34 miles. The road is standard gauge, with maximum grades of 5.2 per cent and maximum curves of 40 degrees. The length of the line on the mountains is 14.76 miles and the percentage of tangent is 36 1/2 per cent, and the percentage of curves 63 1/2 per cent. Altogether there are 115 curves on the line, 61 of which have a curvature of 39 degrees or over each. The curvature of the other curves ranges from 20 to 28 degrees, as follows: Twelve curves, 20 degrees each; two curves, 22 degrees each; one curve, 23 degrees; twenty-seven curves, 24 degrees each; one curve, 25 degrees; nine curves, 26 degrees each; two curves, 28 degrees each. In all there are 18,401 feet of track with a curvature of 30 degrees and over. The road is designed for hauling logs from the



A VIEW ON THE RAILWAY.

timber belt on the top of the mountain to the sawmills at Alamogordo, but is by no means a light tramroad, as it is laid with 60-pound steel rails and is substantially built in all respects.

New Name for Indians.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological society in Washington, the name "Amerind" was proposed as a substitute for the various terms now employed to denote the Indians or red men of America. The new name is compounded from the leading syllables of the phrase "American Indian," and the working ethnologists of the society, led by Major Powell, were practically unanimous in approving the word Amerind, and recommending its adoption. The adjectives derived from the new name would be "Amerindic" and "Amerindian."

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HOW THE WOUNDED OF THE ENEMY ARE CARED FOR.

Foreign Admiration Excited—Executions Conducted After Manner Prevalent in Cuba—Aboriginal People Who Do Not Know What It Is to Wear Clothes.

(Special Letter.)

According to the evidence of photographs, Uncle Sam does not appear to be the inhuman oppressor of the Filipinos he is said to be by a few of his critics, both at home and abroad. One of the photographs here reproduced shows how a wounded Filipino is being brought into camp to be cared for in the hospital. This particular native had the misfortune to have his leg broken by a rifle ball, and



A PHILIPPINE EXECUTION.

he is being carefully conveyed on a light rocking chair to which bamboo poles have been attached to make it serviceable as a stretcher. He does not appear to be greatly terrified—in fact, his expression tells quite plainly that he has no misgivings. Foreign military men express surprise at the solicitude shown by the American authorities for the welfare of all wounded, friend or foe.

Another picture shows the method of execution in vogue in the Philippines. The instrument of death is a variety of garrote, similar to the one used for like purposes in Cuba, and introduced in both countries by the Spaniards. Every one concerned in the particular



CAPTURED IGARROTTES.

execution photographed appears to take the whole proceedings in a decidedly matter of fact manner.

Some of the aboriginal Filipinos do not favor heavy clothing. A lot of Igarrottes, recently captured, wore only a headgear and a waistcloth. They took no interest in what was going on although their surroundings must have been altogether novel to them, but stolidly marched wherever their guards directed.

Scent Drinking.

"Let me most fervently warn all you lady readers against the deadly habit of drinking or sipping scents," said a leading doctor, referring to the now prevalent vice. "Generally, merely in order to do something daring, a young schoolgirl will take a sip at her mother's scent bottle. The habit grows. It is only natural it should, since when a woman is, as she thinks, innocently sipping the juice of some sweet flower, she is in reality drinking a form of alcohol much more deadly in its effects than her husband's most daring drink."

"Perhaps when I tell you that more than half the serious mental and physical breakdowns among society leaders which come under my notice can be traced to this secret scent drinking, your readers will take warning and stop now immediately. I would rather foster a love for cold gin in my own daughter than one for the finest scent ever manufactured. The hold of the former over her would be comparatively easy to conquer; but once let the craving for scent clutch a woman, and only the grave can cure her."

Singing School of Thrushes.

A writer in "Forest and Stream" tells of the methods Papa Thrush adopts in teaching his little ones to sing. "Find," he says, "a family of wood thrushes and carefully note what takes place. The old male thrush will sing the sweet song in loud, clear, flute-like notes, and then stop to listen while the young birds try to imitate the song. Some will utter one note some two. Some will utter a hoarse note, others a sharp note. After awhile they seem to forget their lesson and drop out one by one. When all are silent, the old thrush tunes up again, and the young thrushes repeat their efforts, and so it goes on for hours. The young birds do not acquire the full song the first year; so the lessons are repeated the following spring. I take many visitors into the woods to enjoy the first thrushes' singing school, and all are convinced that the song of the wood thrush is a matter of education, pure and simple."